







MR. THOMAS THUMB IN HIS HIGHLAND COSTUME.

THE THOMAS TRUMP





LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

THOMAS THUMB,

IN THE

Stratton

UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM.

With Illustrations

OF HIM IN HIS DIFFERENT COSTUMES.



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## PREFACE.



Little folks are not perhaps all aware of the fact — but the Preface of a book is the last thing which is written and printed — just as a man's hat, though it is the first thing you see, is

the last part of his dress which he puts on. And as we write this after every thing else is done, we find very little more to say. Our little subject is exhausted in the body of the work itself—leaving nothing of importance to be added.

Thomas Thumb is still exhibiting his marvellously small proportions to admiring thousands. Other little people have since sprung into notice—but Thomas continues to keep the public eye, in spite of all competitors.

And we can only hope that our biography of so distinguished a gentleman may be half as attractive as the little original.





THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
T H O M A S T H U M B.

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I PURPOSE to write the history of THOMAS THUMB, from his birth down to the present time. I shall recount the peculiarities which, in a few months, estranged a wonder-loving world from all other novelties to this, and raised Thumb from compa-

rative obscurity, to become the marvel of both hemispheres, and the especial favourite of the gentler sex. I shall relate how he divided the attention of the loyal with royalty itself, and was, in palaces, the object of greater attention than the scions of more than one royal line; how, in America, he won the willing plaudits of sturdy republicans; and how, while empires have tottered, and thrones have crumbled, he has succeeded in founding a fortune not less splendid, and more enduring, than

that of some of his royal contemporaries.

I should very imperfectly execute the task I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of journeys and voyages, of scenes in the exhibition room, and of puffs in the newspapers. It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the private life and character of my hero, and to note the manners of those who surrounded and entertained him. In deference to the little greatness of my diminutive subject, I shall now come down from

my rhetorical stilts. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the children of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life and character of their inferior in bulk, but their superior in years and experience.

The true name of our little hero is Charles S. Stratton. He is called Tom Thumb, because he comes nearer to the little man of that name in the nursery tale, than any other man per-



haps who ever lived. We suppose he must be called a man, since he is now seventeen years old; and most persons of that age think they are men and women, whatever older people may think of them. Though his real name is Charles, we shall call him by his borrowed name in this book, because that is the one by which he is best known.

Tom Thumb's birth place, was a town in the state of Connecticut, called Bridgeport, and his birth-day was the 11th of January, 1832. He appeared

like all other children, when he was an infant, and was as large as children usually are. But when about half a year old, he seemed to stop growing entirely, and has not increased much, if any, in height since. So he is now a man only twenty-five inches, or two feet and one inch high. He has sisters younger than he is, who are neither remarkably small, nor remarkably large. The dwarf, for some reason which nobody can tell, remains a little child in size and weight, but is quite a little man

in appearance. The only thing which seems childish about him is his voice : for, as he is so small, it is not to be expected that his little lungs and throat can make so much noise, or rather so manly a noise, as larger bodies do. Many physicians have seen him, but none can give any reason why he ceased to grow. It has been the case many times with dwarfs that they were sickly, or deformed; but Tom Thumb is perfect in his limbs, and in his health, is more than usually favoured, for he sleeps well, and

eats his food with a good appetite. His features are regular and handsome, and altogether, whatever may be the cause of his strange littleness, it does not interfere with his comfort.

Our little readers may think it very strange that any body should travel over the world and be exhibited for money. So it is; and we cannot help thinking this is the most unfortunate part of the little man's history. But his parents do not suffer him to go neglected, or unattended, for they travel with him,

when he makes long journeys; but all the care that can be taken of him, to prevent his being spoiled by flattery, or corrupted by bad example, is taken. But after all, his manner of life is no less unnatural than his little stature; and we are sure that none of our young readers would care to change places with him. All of them may, however, learn from his good example in some respects. He is cheerful and contented, and looks to the bright and pleasant side of every thing. He is not morose or ill-



natured, or impatient, though he must sometimes become very weary of being looked at and talked to by so many strange people. He has been gazed at by more natives of different countries than our little readers will ever see; Americans and Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Germans, and perhaps a great many others; and all this attention does not appear to have spoiled him, or to have turned his little head.

How his very early years

were spent, we have never heard; but it was probably much like the manner in which other children spend theirs. Certainly he never could have dreamed of exciting the attention or of making the great figure in the world, which his little body has done. The proprietor of the American Museum, Mr. P. T. Barnum, whose business it is to exhibit wonderful curiosities to the public, found him out when he was about twelve years old, and brought him to the great city of New York. When

a man has any thing very curious to show, the first thing he has to do is to get the newspapers to tell the people about it. And as Tom Thumb is a very curious man, and therefore entitled to do things out of the common mode, instead of calling on the editors at their places of business, he called on them at their houses. He went to the residence of one of these gentlemen, the editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, at dinner time. Now this was not exactly the hour to go to a gentleman's

house both unknown and uninvited, but it appeared that Tom Thumb had an object in doing just what he did.

The gentleman was carving a turkey ; and as the turkey was actually heavier than Tom, who weighs only fifteen pounds and two ounces, the editor put him upon the table among the dishes, to see the operation. There was once a very curious story written about a man called Gulliver, who travelled to a country called Brobdignag, where the people were so large that one



of them took him up in the palm of his hand to see how he looked. Now Tom Thumb must have felt on this gentleman's dining-table very much as Gulliver did in the country of Brob-dignag. ] The children, of whom there were several at the table, were very much amused at the sight of Tom Thumb upon the table, as you may fancy ; and they laughed outright when he moved a glass of water with his foot, as a man of common size might push aside a basket. After watching the carving of the







MR. THOMAS THUMB AS THE DANDY.

turkey, with a knife which must have appeared to him as large as a broadsword to another man, Tom walked all round upon the table, and paid his respects gracefully to every person in turn. He then took his seat, and assisted in eating the turkey which he had seen carved. You may be sure that when the editor published an account of this dinner in his paper, it made every body who saw the account, very anxious to see General Tom Thumb, as he is called. "No description," the

paper said, "can possibly enable the reader to form any idea of the diminutiveness of this little gentleman, or the peculiar impression made upon one by his dress and manners. His tailor has certainly exhibited tact and talent in fitting so extraordinary a figure, which by the by is well proportioned; but we shrewdly suspect that his cane is neither more nor less than the handle of a steel pen with a button on the largest end of it."

At the time that Tom Thumb



first came before the public, there was another dwarf at the Museums, Mr. Stevens, commonly called Major Stevens. This man is now about forty years old, and is between three and four feet high. He, like Tom Thumb, is of good proportions, by which we mean that one part of his frame does not seem too large or too small for the rest. But when he saw Thomas Thumb, he owned at once that his claim to notice on account of his little stature was set aside. A man nearly four feet



high could claim to be regarded as a dwarf no longer, when a little fellow of two feet and an inch was upon the stage. To look at Mr. Stevens reminds one of a small man: but to see a little fellow like Tom Thumb, no higher than the knee of many men, makes you think of the fairy tales of "little people" who could get into quart pots. Indeed Tom Thumb has been carried in a lady's basket, and once, we are told, he climbed up in a frolic and crept into the muff of a lady whom he knew. He

delights to play such pleasant little tricks upon his friends, as amuse and surprise them. And among other of his amusements, he will sometimes take hold with both hands, of a gentleman's cane, and be carried about the room in that way, a strong man being able to move his stick without much difficulty with only fifteen pounds hung upon it.

[After being exhibited in several of the principal cities of the United States, Thomas Thumb's friends concluded, in 1844, that

they must treat him to a voyage across the water. This was a very pleasant prospect for the General, as he travelled exactly in the way that every man would like to see the world, with his friends and parents with him. And in order to make his departure as pleasant as possible ; and probably, too, to have a good story to tell when he reached the other side of the water, Thomas Thumb rode like other generals in an open carriage bowing to the people on both sides, and to the ladies at

the windows. If he had not won any great victories, to give him a right to this public notice, he had not caused any sorrow in the world ; and if ever a little man deserved a triumph for not having done any hurt, it was little General Thumb. The city Brass Band of musicians marched before him, and a throng of people followed behind. It was certainly a very remarkable "turn out," and was contrived, no doubt, by Mr. Barnum, who knows very well how to make the most out of a little man.



The vessel in which he sailed was the packet ship **Yorkshire**, an American vessel so called in compliment to one of the counties in England.

Our country has the honour of having built some of the finest ships in the world. A packet ship is a vessel which sails on regular days between different sea-ports, so that the man who wants to cross the water can find a vessel ready to start on the days which are mentioned in the newspapers; and the packet always sails at the prop-



er time, if wind and weather will allow, whether there are any passengers ready or not. The American packet ships to Europe, are the most complete, safe, and beautiful vessels that ever were built. The cabins are like handsome parlours, and if it were not that the windows look out upon the sea, instead of the streets or the green grass, and that the floor of the room rocks and rolls, you might think that you were in a fine house on shore. And the table is set for breakfast, dinner and supper

as regularly as if you were at home. The ship carries a cow or two, to give milk for the coffee; and ducks, and chickens, and pigs, and sheep, that the passengers may have fresh meat for their dinners. There are nice and comfortable beds, and all the other pleasant things which you can think of. But all these things cannot prevent the vessel from rolling about when the waves rise, and the wind blows. Most of the passengers are dreadfully sick when the vessel first goes out to sea,

because they are not used to the rolling and motion ; and I have no doubt that Thomas Thumb heartily wished himself back in Bridgeport, and safe on dry land.

All these delicate and nice things that I have been telling you of, seem disagreeable, and the very thought of eating makes you feel sick. When you are just going to lift the coffee or milk to your mouth, roll goes the ship, and perhaps, the coffee goes into your bosom, perhaps into that of your neighbour. Your knife and fork slip

when you try to cut, and your spoon spills over between your plate and your lips. I have seen all the dishes on a table slide off upon the cabin floor, when the ship rolled. They have the table so fixed on board a packet, that this cannot happen; or else there is no telling what might have become of Tom Thumb if he had been buried under cakes and dishes, and potatoes, and bread and butter; or drenched by an upsetting water pitcher, or knocked out of his chair by a turkey, or a young roasting



pig, larger than he. But his mother and father, and other friends, took very good care of him; and what was better than the care of any body else, he had courage and cheerfulness, and a happy disposition, to make the best of what he could not help, and in that manner to take good care of himself. He is always ready to watch and to admire every thing new and strange to him; and the wonders of the ocean supplied him with constant amusement.

Thomas was besides well em-



ployed in another way. He is still young; and at this time could not have received much schooling. In the party of friends which accompanied him, was a preceptor or teacher. Thomas was going to see the great world much earlier than young folks generally do; and to see more of it than such a little fellow ever saw before. It was necessary that he should be taught how to behave in company, how to answer correctly what should be said to him, and how to treat the kings and

queens and other great people of the old world. Now, though we have no kings and queens and nobles in America, and though we do not believe that one man is born with a right to rule over another, and though we do not have the forms and fashions of courts and palaces, yet if an American goes over the water to see kings and queens and nobles, it is right and proper that he should treat them as they expect to be treated. It would not only be very wrong, but very ill-bred to do

anything else. And for this reason Thomas was provided with instructions, that he might understand how to conduct himself. And besides these things, he was taught upon other subjects more important than they are. Exposed so much, it was necessary that he should be instructed in the truths of the Bible, and his duties to his Maker, with more care even than other youths whose lives pass quietly away in their parents' houses. It was necessary that he should learn the difference between







QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECEPTION OF MR. THOMAS THUMB BEFORE  
PRINCE ALBERT AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN.



virtue and vice, to follow one, and to avoid the other. And in the common school exercises of reading and writing he had a good deal of lost time to recover.

Soon after Tom Thumb's arrival in England, on Saturday March 23d 1844, he was summoned to attend at the Palace. There were present the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen's mother, and, the royal household, who would make no small company. The children of Victoria were highly delighted with this very little American; the small-

est specimen of a republican that they had ever seen. Besides the exhibition of himself as plain Tom Thumb, the little fellow dresses himself to represent different characters and persons; such exhibitions as our young readers may no doubt have heard of, as "Tableaux." The word "Tableaux," in English means "pictures." Tom Thumb has quite a series of these, in which he exhibits himself. Sometimes he is Cupid, with his wings, and bow and arrows; and in that character





MR. THOMAS THUMB AS A SAILOR.



he is said to look as if he were a neat little plaster figure, taken from an image-pedlar's board. Sometimes he represents Sampson carrying away the gates of Gaza, but it would seem that it must require a great deal of "make-believe" to think of such a very little Sampson.

There are many other such things which he does; but the one which amused the Queen the most, and has also diverted thousands of others, is his representing Napoleon Bonaparte. Think of this great warrior's



dress put upon little Tom Thumb. Napoleon, as even our little readers may have seen in the pictures, was in the habit, when he was thinking, of folding his arms and putting his body in a certain position.—These things, with a hat and coat like those which Napoleon wore, made the miniature copy very perfect. Another of his favourite characters is Frederick the Great, the emperor of Prussia. Sometimes he dresses as a sailor, and dances a sailor dance. Another of his characters is that

of the “**Fox-Hunter.**” In England many wealthy gentlemen keep a great many hounds, and horses, which are trained to leap over high walls, and go in companies to hunt the fox for amusement. When a hunting party meet, they are all dressed in red coats, and wear top boots. Tom’s fox-hunting boots do not look a great deal like a stout squire’s, for they are only three inches long in the sole. I think very few of our little readers wear a shoe much shorter than this.

Another of the little fellow's dresses is that of a highlander. In this the gay colours of the plaid, and the gracefulness of the dress, make him look, perhaps, more neat than any other. On some occasions he puts on a full "Court Suit." This is such a dress as gentlemen wear, when they are presented to the English Queen on public occasions. This dress is not fit to wear any where else, being the style of dress which has been usual in courts for a great many years. It is, indeed, like many other

fashionable things; made more for show than use. It has been the same or nearly the same for many years. The gentlemen wear swords, which are called “dress swords”—that is, they are made for ornament, and not for use. Tom Thumb’s is not longer than a common knitting needle.

The Queen, and the other great personages present, and the Queen’s children, were, as you may well imagine, highly delighted with the appearance, and with the performances of



**Thomas Thumb.** He was asked a great many questions; and delighted all present with the quickness and ease of his replies. A little fellow who had seen so much as he, and who had been so much petted and noticed, would of course become very ready with his answers. But what would be amusing in a dwarf, would appear pert and perhaps impolite in another person; and if any of our young readers undertook to copy the dwarf in these respects, we are afraid that older persons would



be likely to consider them spoiled children.

In a little more than a week, the royal children and others who had heard of and seen him, talked so much about the dwarf, that the Queen sent for him again. At this time there were two Queens present—the Queen of the Belgians being also of the party. And the Queen of the Belgians might have reminded Tommy that if there were no dwarfs in her country, there came a very great giant from Belgium. Perhaps some of our

readers may recollect him; for he has been in America. He is not quite so unnaturally large as Tom Thumb is small; but he is quite large enough to be a wonder too. At this visit the Queen of England made Tom Thumb some very handsome presents, which she had caused to be prepared for him. One was a "Souvenir" or remembrancer, with the royal initials on one side, and on the other a bunch of flowers, set with precious stones. The royal initials are "V. R." the first letters of

“Victoria Regina,” and Regina means Queen.

At the same time, the Queen presented the little man with a gold pencil-case, having on it his initials. Our rulers in this country, do not receive enough from the people to make such costly presents as these; and to go and see the President of the United States, requires no more form than to call upon any other gentleman in the land. But, then, if we have not in America a class so very rich as the nobles and royal families of

the old world, we have no class of people so very poor, as there are thousands in those countries. We have not whole villages and districts starving for want of coarse food to keep life in their bodies. There are a great many things to wonder at, and to like in England and other old nations; but Thomas Thumb discovered that his plain land of America, is the best country after all to live in.

Besides going to see Queen Victoria, Tom Thumb was invited several times to wait up-



on Queen Adelaide. — Queen Adelaide is the widow of King William, who used to reign before Queen Victoria came to the throne. In our country the rulers are elected by the people. In England, the right to reign over the Kingdom goes, like property, when one king dies, to his next heir. King William had no children, and so his niece became queen. And his widow is called queen out of courtesy, but has no power to rule. Sometimes she is called the Queen Dowager. Queen



Victoria's husband is called Prince Albert. He is a German; and marrying the Queen did not make him King,—nor give him any power. But the Queen has given him a great many offices, which bring him in a great deal of money. And the widow of King William must be supported too, in a style befitting her rank; and all Queen Victoria's little children have large sums allowed them by the nation; and some of them wear titles, which bring them in a great deal more. So you per-

ceive that royalty, with its splendour and glitter, costs the nation a very great deal of money ; and enables those who receive this money to make very magnificent presents. Queen Adelaide presented Tom Thumb with a very beautiful watch and chain, as small for a watch, as he is for a man. And a great many others made him splendid presents, so that he was loaded down with costly trinkets.—When kings and queens set examples, subjects think they must follow. And thus it became the

fashion to make Tom Thumb great gifts, and to go to see him, and to ask him to noblemen's houses, and pay him all sorts of flattering attentions. Following the examples of others in dress and in other things, is what is meant by being in the fashion; and if our young readers will only think how little credit there really is in not having anything of their own, but always copying somebody else, they will see how foolish fashion may make people sometimes appear. A good many years ago,

one of the kings of England had a very bad disease in his neck, to hide it, he wore a high black stock or neck-cloth. Directly this was the fashion; and gentlemen in England and in America too, all dressed as if they had diseased necks. Another king of England, while he was yet a prince, borrowed money upon his diamond shoe-buckles, and could not get them back in season to wear them on a certain public occasion, and that accident brought ribbons into fashion, instead of diamond buckles.



And again when Queen Victoria was in Scotland, the wind blew fresh, and she tied her veil round the front of her bonnet. The Scotch ladies thought that was the fashion, the English ladies followed the Scotch, and the American ladies the English. So because Queen Victoria fastened on her bonnet with her veil on a gusty day, the fashionable ladies in both countries, thought they must tie up their faces, as if they had the toothache. Thus you can perceive what a foolish matter fashion







MR. THOMAS THUMB'S ADDRESS TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

really is; and how little worth a reasonable being's while it is, to strive to be "in the fashion."

Tom Thumb went a third time to the Palace at the command of Victoria; and after that, so many times more, that he was called the Queen's pet. He saw the King of the Belgians, and a great many more grandees than he had ever heard of, while he lived quietly in Connecticut. Tom Thumb in London, as we have already observed, became the fashion. The notice taken of him by royalty, and the re-

marks upon his visits to the palace, and of the attention paid him, made a common concert room too small, for the purpose of his exhibitions. His conductor or agent, Mr. Barnum, procured an opportunity for him to appear to the public, at one of the theatres in London; and, night after night, crowds came to see the celebrated American dwarf. The newspapers published pictures of him, songs were written, of which he was the subject, and dances, and music, were named after Tom



Thumb. Thus noticed in London, people in the other cities, and in the country towns, desired very much to see him; and accordingly he visited the chief cities and towns of Scotland and Ireland, highly amusing the people wherever he appeared. It is a wonder that his little head was not completely turned by all this; but perhaps the little man had sense enough to know that in his little stature there was really nothing of which he should be proud; indeed we can imagine nothing more fatiguing



than the labour he was called upon to endure.

Like bigger men, when they grow rich, Tom set up his carriage, and a love of a little carriage it is too. The expense of the "turn out" was three hundred guineas, which in American money would be about fourteen hundred dollars, quite a large sum for a pretty play-thing. The carriage, which gives Tom Thumb ample room, is twenty inches high, and twelve inches wide. For horses, the General has two ponies of corresponding

size, each being thirty-four inches high. Perhaps some of our young readers remember seeing it in this country, for Tom Thumb occasionally took a ride in it, with a little footman, coachman, and all complete, the coachman and footman in "livery" as it is called, that is, in dresses denoting that they are servants. They wore blue coats, trimmed with silver lace, red plush breeches, silver garters and buckles, and the coachman carried a silver-headed cane. Cocked hats and wigs finished

out their costume. But when Tom rode out in our crowded streets, he had a large wagon to carry him, coach, horses, coachman, footman and all, for fear some big horse might step over his carriage, or some tall man step on the roof. The carriage is very handsomely finished and furnished, and has on the sides the General's coat of arms. "Coats of arms" mean pictures representing the seals which a great many years ago, nobles who could not write, affixed to papers. And seals are still used,

though the world is much better taught. But the coats of arms are still preserved, as part of the histories of families, and the description of such things is a part of what is called "heraldry." These are things of which Americans are required to know but little ; but with a great many other ancient customs and fashions, must be learned in England. Now Tom Thumb's coach without a coat of arms, would have been nothing at all in the way of a parade affair ; and the "coat of arms" of a Connecti-



cut republican might not be worth much, even if it could be hunted up in the Herald's office in London. What we mean when we say "not worth much" is, that, perhaps, it would not show that his great, great, great grand-father was first cousin to any noble family. What Napoleon Bonaparte did not have by right of birth, he supplied himself with by right of conquest; and the little great General Thomas Thumb helped himself to a new coat of arms, as the founder of his own fame.



I dare say, that Mr. Barnum, who is himself a clever Yankee, helped Tom in guessing it out.

What do you think they took for the General's "coat of arms?" They did not stoop to any small things, but borrowed national emblems. As Tom Thumb was born in America, and had been petted so wonderfully in England, they made a very pretty picture out of the female figures which stand for Britannia, and the Goddess of Liberty. Then they brought in the American Eagle, and the British Lion.

They put on the flags of America and of England, and the Rising Sun; and for a motto, they borrowed that with which Davy Crockett has supplied the American people, "Go ahead!" This coat of arms is elegantly painted, or as it is called in "heraldry," *emblazoned* on a blue ground; and the coach looks very like a neat little model of a great family chariot. After all, such things as these answer very well to amuse children with, and to please a dwarf; and we dare say that many En-

glishmen considered Tom's turn out a very good joke upon the science of heraldry, and all the old fashioned folly which is shown in what is called "state" and "majesty."

While these visits to royalty and public exhibitions were going on, something happened in the way of a visit, which delighted Tom Thumb more than all the rest. The empire of Great Britain maintains constantly a very large army. Its great possessions in India, in America, in Africa and New Holland, its

scattered islands and ports, and the character of a monarchical government require that a great many soldiers should be kept constantly under pay. An English soldier enlists for twenty-one years, and when he enlists there is no knowing what part of the world he will be sent into before his long term of service is over. Twenty-one years, and that time perhaps passed in sickly countries, very often leaves soldiers' children totally unprovided for, and causes many of them to become orphans. To



provide for some of these, the Duke of York in 1801 founded at Chelsea a military school, in which one thousand children of soldiers, orphans, and those whose fathers are on foreign stations, find a home. Seven hundred of these children are boys, and three hundred are girls. They are fed, clothed and taught. The boys, when they are old enough, enter the army, the girls are bound out as apprentices. These children (for Chelsea joins London,) heard of Tom Thumb. Now in some



houses that we know of, where there are only four or five children, the talk they kept up about this wonderful little man was sometimes perfectly deafening. Only think what it must have been in a house where there were very nearly or perhaps quite five hundred little folks, to say nothing of those that were older. The managers of the school at last took three hundred of the boys who had deserved this favour by their good behaviour, and marched them into London with flags

and a band of music. You must remember these boys are to be made soldiers of, and in this school they are taught to march and move with military and careful exactness. There is no shrugging up of the shoulders, and no hanging down of the head, no slouching walk, and no shuffling feet. Thomas Thumb's place of exhibition was a building in London called the Egyptian Hall. As he heard the music he came forward to meet his visitors, and was received with a military

salute. The music played stirringly, and the three hundred young soldiers paid their respects to Tom Thumb as if he had been a general indeed. Then the boys formed a hollow square ranging themselves on the four sides of the room, waiting I suppose to see what the yankee dwarf would do in such a position.

Tom had not seen the world without learning something.—The first reply he made was gracefully to acknowledge their salute, putting his little hand

upon his heart. And he did not forget to pay a graceful compliment to the little army. They considered themselves the Queen's soldiers, and General Thomas Thumb, out of compliment to their nation, desired their band to play "God save the Queen." The little orphan boys were highly delighted with this compliment; and their conductors were quite amused when Tom pronounced it "first rate music," like a genuine Yankee. After Tom had sung his audience several songs, with which



they were very much diverted, the army of orphans marched out, gracefully saluting the wonderful little man who had come so many miles across the ocean for them and others to look upon.

So much for the soldiers' boys. There were others whom Tom Thumb thought deserved as much as they. In the reign of William III. nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, the government felt that it was time to provide a place for disabled and old sailors, and so they turned a palace at Greenwich into a

hospital. To this beginning, building after building was added, till Greenwich Hospital has become the largest and noblest establishment of the kind in the world. Not only sailors who are very sick, so as to be obliged to stay in the house, are there; but a great many old and lame men have a refuge here for the rest of their lives, the first part of which they have spent in the service of their country. Nearly three thousand old sailors live here, and a much larger number than this receive pen-

sions from the funds of the institution. All the nurses who take care of the sick in this great hospital, are seamen's widows. It is very noble in Great Britain thus to take care of her disabled soldiers and sailors, and their widows and children. The United States government does the same thing; but as we have not such an enormous army and navy, there are not so many soldiers and sailors to provide for; and as we have no old palaces to convert into hospitals, like those

at Greenwich and Chelsea, we have no such splendid national establishments. And as our soldiers and sailors do not serve so long, they can better take care of their families. It is well to take care of those who are wounded in fighting for their country; but it will be a very great deal better, when the world learns so much of the true temper and spirit of the Christian religion, that there will be no more great armies and navies, no more wars and fightings, and no generals who



do any more fighting than General Thomas Thumb has done.

Well—as the old sailors and sailors' widows were attended to, it began to be thought necessary to do something for their children, or as many of them as could be attended to. As there is a school for soldiers' children at Chelsea, there is another for sailors' children at Greenwich. And as the soldiers' children had visited Tom Thumb, he thought it no more than fair that the sailors' children should see his little mightiness too. And act-

ing upon this kind thought,—for perhaps his sea experience made him think of it,—he sent them an invitation to come and see him at Egyptian Hall. They were not long in making up their minds, and their teachers and officers gladly consented that they should enjoy such a treat. They came with their banners and music, and were quite as much astonished and pleased as the soldiers' children were.

In Great Britain, where the lesser number of the people are

very rich indeed, and where there are a great many thousands who are very, very poor, rich people have from time to time founded charity schools. That is to say, they have taken some of their money while they lived, or left a part of it when they died, to support teachers and pupils, in order that children might receive an education, who, without this, would be neglected. And the great universities have had money and lands given them to maintain poor students, and to pay pro-

fessors and teachers. Some of our large colleges and universities in this country, have had money and property given them in these and in other ways, so that the means of education may be made as perfect as possible. But in England there are a great many more charity schools than in this country. There are more very rich people there, who can afford to give their property in such a way, and who thus make themselves remembered. But our general system of education,



and the more equal manner in which the property is divided, makes it possible for almost every child in this country, who is disposed to learn, to obtain a good common education; if his parents are only thoughtful and willing that he should be taught. Some of these charity schools in England are very excellent—most of them perhaps. Charles Lamb, whose writings you will probably read one of these days, received a part of his education in a charity school. And it was only a little while ago that some

great judge, or other person of consequence in England, said something disrespectful of an institution of this kind. Another judge immediately said to him, “You forget that *we* were scholars together in a charity school!”

Education is so valuable a thing that it ought to be obtained at any honest cost, or any labour, and we hope all our little readers will remember this, and never slight the great advantages which American children possess. “Learning,” says the

proverb, "is better than houses and lands."

Perhaps our readers think that we are wandering a great ways from Thomas Thumb.—Well, we dare say his thoughts wandered too, when he saw all these children paraded before him; and that he reasoned thus,—if England is more splendid, America is more comfortable. If there are very rich people and a very rich government in England to build these fine institutions for the poor, in America there are not so many poor

who need such assistance. If we travel abroad with Tom Thumb, as we are now doing in imagination, we must learn to think, and to look about us; and remember the pleasant little song which says:

“Of all the lands in East or West,  
I love my native land the best.”

A great many other schools, and troops of people old and young, visited Thomas in England, Ireland and Scotland. But as we have several other countries to visit with him, we must now take our leave of England,



and run over to France. The volatile and lively Parisians were fully prepared to welcome a little wonder of whom the English papers had told them so much. If ever our little readers should go to Paris, they will discover many things in that city which will no doubt astonish them, as much as Tom Thumb was astonished. In the first place the houses are differently built; and have not that attention to *inside* comfort. And the people are not so fond of their *homes* as the English and Americans are.

Every people has its own customs. The English and Americans are said to be *domestic* in their tastes. That means, that they enjoy themselves best in their own houses. But the Frenchmen, and particularly the people of Paris, take their wives and children and go out more — not merely for amusement — for we do that too, as you may perhaps remember when you went to the menagerie, or to see Tom Thumb, but they seem in Paris to like to live out of their own houses,

while Americans like to live in them.

So what do Tom Thumb and his sagacious agent, Mr. Barnum, hit upon, but the very thing to take Paris by storm. Soon after they arrived in that city, there was a great procession. Frenchmen are fond of parades and processions, and public displays. It is the genius of the people—that is to say, the manner in which the mind of the people runs. They show their grief by processions, and go on certain days to the pub-

lic cemetery to throw flowers on the graves of those who were killed in their revolutions. They show their joy and their love of country, and all things which can possibly be exhibited in that way, by long marches, and countermarches, with banners and music, and funeral tokens or garlands of flowers, as the case may require.

We have told you that Tom Thumb took Paris by storm — or in other and better words, we might say that he took the attention and admiration of this



out-of-doors people all at once. He might have seated himself quietly in his hired house, and waited a very long time for people to come there and see him. Instead of doing that, he suddenly appeared in a great public procession with the coach and horses which we described to you a few pages back. The Frenchmen cried, "*Vive Tom Pouce!*" in a tumult of delight. The word "*Pouce*" in French means Thumb, and "*Vive Tom Pouce!*" means "Live Tom Thumb!" and is as much as to

say, as we do in English, “Hurra for the General!”

There never, they said, was such a love of a carriage. There never were such little beauties of ponies! Such a coachman, with his top-boots and cocked hat! Such a footman, with his silver-headed cane! Such a little jewel of a man as the General himself! If it had been revolutionary times in Paris, when they throw down one government and build up another, as they have done a great many times in the last fifty years,

there is no knowing that General Tom Thumb would not have found a party disposed to make him, "on sight" king of the French. But it happened when he arrived, which was in the Spring of 1845, that the people were not ready for a new revolution, and so Tom Thumb escaped the risk of such dazzling and dangerous honours. The newspapers and the print shops were full at once of Tom Thumb, and the wonders about him. Snuff-boxes appeared in the shops with Tom Thumb on







MR. THOMAS THUMB'S RECEPTION BY THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE.

the lid, and “Tom Pouce” appeared to pop up in Paris at every corner, in some shape or representation or other. He took a public hall, and gave evening exhibitions, which were crowded evening after evening with spectators.

The king of the French and his family were as anxious to see Tom Thumb, as the Queen of England had been. Very soon the General was sent for, to show himself at the Tuileries. The Tuileries is the name of a Palace which the king of the

French, and other kings before him, used to occupy. The word looks so hard for a little American tongue to speak, and sounds so large when it is spoken, that we must tell them what it means. Tuileries means neither more nor less than tile-yard—or perhaps some of our young readers will understand us still better if we call it brick-yard. Tiles are made like bricks, but thin, to cover roofs, are burnt like bricks, and are of the same colour. On a few old houses in this country, tiles may still



be seen. This palace was commenced by a Queen of France, the wife of Henry II. in 1564; and is now almost three hundred years old. On the place where it stands, was formerly a tile-yard. But though this palace was begun so many years ago, we may almost say that it is not finished yet. It stands in a beautiful situation on the banks of the river Seine, and is surrounded with beautiful gardens and other pleasant objects. We say it is not finished, because almost every French monarch



has made some addition or alteration to it; so that the outside being built at so many different times, presents quite a variety in its styles, according to the fancies and tastes of different men and different periods. The interior is full of magnificent articles of furniture, and pictures, some of which have been very roughly handled, since Thomas Thumb was there.

The General was a very welcome guest at the Palace of the Tuileries. He went through his various performances—all

except the Napoleon; and the Paris papers, while they alluded to the fact that he made this personation in England, complimented Tom Thumb upon his good sense and politeness in omitting it in Paris. The Frenchmen are very proud of Napoleon, and would not like to see any exhibition which should look like a "belittlement" or a caricature of that great Emperor. The royal family were very much diverted indeed, at the careful precision with which Thomas Thumb ob-

served matters of form and ceremony. As a memorial of his visit, he drew from his pocket a little card-case which was presented to him by the Queen of England, and presented a card to each of his royal friends, commencing with the king, and then going to the Queen, and afterwards to the younger members of the family. The little guest and his entertainers seem to have been mutually pleased and indeed delighted with each other. And Tom, to show his high gratification, varied his ordina-

ry round of performances, with a dance peculiar to himself, and probably invented for him. The Frenchmen were not a little puzzled at this. They have dancing enough in Paris at the theatres; but Tom Thumb's resembled neither "Polka" nor "Mazurka."

Presents from kings must be worthy of their rank; and Louis Philippe, on his first visit, complimented Tom Thumb with a beautiful pin, set with diamonds. He did not take time, as the English ladies did, to



have a present made purposely for him, and adapted to his diminutive size; and the ornament looked almost too large for the little fellow. But with a politeness of which a Frenchman might have been emulous, Thomas insisted upon having the king's present put at once into his cravat, to show his high appreciation of the royal generosity. Other and valuable presents were heaped upon the little traveller by the royal family. How the world changes! Louis Philippe has, since that

time, been driven from his throne, and with his wife and children is in England; and it is very likely that the money which the gifts were worth, which were given to the little dwarf, would have been many times within the last year, very acceptable to the dethroned monarch. Tom Thumb is Tom Thumb still, but Louis Philippe is a king no longer. The French newspaper, in speaking of Tom's performances, said one thing which we think is very true. "We prefer," the editors say,

“seeing Tom Thumb when he appears in the character of a gentleman. He takes out his watch and tells you the hour, or offers you a pinch of snuff out of his box, or a cigar; and watch, snuff-box and cigar, are each of a size corresponding with the General’s. He is still better when he sits in his golden chair, crossing his legs and looking at you with a knowing and almost mocking air. It is then that he is amusing; he is never more inimitable than when he imitates nothing, when

he is himself." Now what the French editor says of Tom Thumb is true of every body—nobody appears so much at ease, as when he is himself, and trying to imitate nobody else.

We have already mentioned the General's Highland dress. Perhaps some of our readers have seen him in it. It may amuse them to read what the French papers said about this exhibition. "His bonnet, which he wears in beautiful style, is surmounted by a plume, which it is said was presented him by



the Queen of England. He handles his claymore with dexterity, and kills his enemy with the first cut. The brilliant plaid, folds advantageously on his shoulders; below his waist you perceive two vigorous legs, with pretty little feet attached thereto. This costume is the General's triumph."—The *claymore* is a Highlander's sword; and when Tom puts on the Highland dress, he shows, after his fashion, how the Highlander handles his weapon. It is a great pity that all killing with

the sword is not as harmless as General Thumb's.

As we have told you a little what the French editor said about Tom Thumb, suppose we add a little more. "Now just fancy," says one of them, "what can be Tom Thumb's portmanteau. All the baggage which he took to the Tuileries was packed in a hat-box! It is reported that he sleeps in a small bureau band-box,—that his carriage is housed under his father's writing table, and that his horses have their stable in his side-

board. But what will not people say?" Sure enough, when they talk in a strain like that. If our little readers have heard of the word "exaggeration," the French editors give them an example of what it means.

Besides his exhibitions in the Saloon, Tom Thumb appeared in Paris a great many nights at one of the theatres. A play was written purposely for him, in which his chariot and ponies were introduced upon the stage. In the course of this play, the writer of it took a hint from the

book called **Gulliver's Travels**, which we have before mentioned. When **Gulliver** was in **Brobdignag**, where the people were so uncommonly large, the king of that country caused a box to be made for him to live in; as in a **Brobdignag** house a common sized man would feel as if he were out of doors. And the same box or play-house has been exhibited in this country. It contains all the articles of furniture which a bachelor general would require for his house-keeping, each made of a size



proportioned to that of the little owner.

After spending about four months in Paris, Tom Thumb made the tour of France and Belgium. In every place the newspapers and common fame had prepared the people to see a most extraordinary little man; and when they saw him, they were not disappointed. With his travels and his opportunities, being young, and attended by friends who carefully watched over him, he improved. Few travellers have had such vari-





MR. THOMAS THUMB AS A MARQUIS.

ous experience and such a chance to see the great world as Thomas Thumb.

While at Bordeaux, learning that the Spanish Queen and court were then at Pampeluna, he made a hasty journey to that city, and again had the honour of appearing before a royal family. His recollections of Spain are not so pleasant. That unfortunate country has been so much wasted by foreign wars, and by the wars of one portion of its people with another, that from one of the finest and rich-



est lands in the world, it has become one of the poorest. And, what is strange for the present age, the inhuman sport of bull-fights is still kept up. In the city of Madrid, the capital of Spain, bull-fights, in the summer months, take place regularly twice in every week, in a theatre built purposely for this cruel sport. Circles of seats, one above another, surround the space in which the fights take place; and gentle and beautiful women fill these seats, and wave their handkerchiefs and applaud

the cruelty of goading a noble beast to death. Safe on horseback, they pierce the bull with spears, to goad him on to fury. They fasten paper tubes full of powder to the animal, and these exploding, add to his pain and terror. Dogs are let loose upon him to increase his rage, and the summer time is chosen for the sport, because the greater the heat of the weather, the greater is said to be the fury of the bull. Often several horses are killed, and sometimes men. In Pampeluna the bull-fight

could not be so gaily conducted as at Madrid; but General Tom Thumb saw quite as much of such a sport as he desired, and soon returned from Spain to France.

Again he visited Paris, and was once more admitted to an audience of the French King. In these long journeys his natural protectors, his agent Mr. Barnum, and his preceptor, took continued pains to instruct him, that he might avail himself of what he saw, and of what he heard. Ordinarily, dwarfs have

appeared deficient in capacity. Major Stevens is an exception to this rule, and Tom Thumb is another. He returned to his own country after a little more than two years' absence, not an inch increased in height, and with no perceptible difference in his weight, but wonderfully improved in his mind, and in his manners. Like all Americans, who have received foreign praise, he was much more noticed upon his return than before his foreign travels. It is true that there was more to at-



tract the public than before. In the first place, the improvement of which we have spoken, has made his exhibitions more acceptable; and in the next, people were curious to see the valuable presents he had received, and the wonderful little coach, and the house. They desired, moreover, to hear something of his foreign adventures. At the American Museum in New-York, he was once more a wonder; proving the most extraordinary and untiring attraction of that establishment. He

thence made the tour of the principal Atlantic cities and towns in the United States, for the second time, and with even more success than at the first. In fact nobody can fail to be attracted to so strange and interesting a specimen of humanity; and he needs no other attraction than himself, to draw large audiences. In France, they sewed him up in a pie, like the famous English dwarf Geoffrey Hudson,—but every where the mannikin has been, it has seemed as if the people

were ready to devour him without pastry.

After making his second tour through the United States, he retired from public life, both to recruit his strength, and to pursue the plan of education which had been marked out for him. The possession of the money which he received for his exhibitions enables him thus to enjoy the advantages of a thorough education; and he is yet by no means beyond the age of a scholar. Whether he intends to shine upon us by-and-by as a

lawyer, a physician, or a politician we are not informed. But whatever pursuit in life remains for him, an education will be a most excellent guard against the temptations to which so singular a being must be exposed. The ill advice of the thoughtless, whom he cannot help but meet; the languor which naturally follows excitement, and the evil communications which corrupt good manners,—all would press with great force upon an idle popular favourite. The General is again on a journey



now taking the interior of the United States, and we are very much gratified to find that he retains his preceptor. And we trust that all who have intercourse with him are mindful of the great importance of religious and moral culture. The day will come when his frame will demand rest and leisure; and these he could not endure without a clear conscience, and a mind so stored as to afford him resources within himself. And we notice with much pleasure, that the general and his

father, with Mr. Barnum, and his preceptor, and all connected with the general, before leaving New York this Spring, pledged their honour to *Temperance*. A temperate dwarf can always overcome an intemperate giant — or a host of them. The weapon with which David killed Goliath, was taken *from the brook*.

Perhaps our young readers may be pleased to hear of other dwarfs. There have been a great many in the world; and in ancient times, the rich and

powerful used to think they were very fortunate if they could obtain a dwarf to amuse them and their household and their guests. This fancy is still kept up in Turkey, for at Constantinople a number of dwarfs are maintained as pages to wait upon the ladies of the court. The post of a page was that which the dwarf usually occupied; for as the ladies are fond of amusing themselves with Tom Thumb, so have dwarfs always been their favourites.

The oldest poem in the world,

Homer's Iliad, refers to a nation of dwarfs or Pygmies. These little people, according to the ancient opinion, had a great deal of trouble with the cranes; and every year came down to the sea shore in battle-array, armed with bows and arrows, and riding on sheep and goats, to do battle with their feathered enemies. They made these attacks in the Spring, when they could destroy the eggs and kill the young before they became too formidable in size and numbers. Their houses, according



to some accounts, were constructed of clay, feathers, and the shells of eggs. At harvest time, when they cut down their wheat, or other grain, they felled the stocks with hatchets, as larger men cut down trees. It is stated that these little people once made an attack upon Hercules, when he was asleep, and they certainly conducted the battle in a very vigorous manner. They attacked his hands and feet and head all at once, thrusting their tiny spades into his eyes, throwing their little

arrows into his flesh, and undertaking to stop up his mouth and nose. But he awakened in the midst of the tumult, and was very much amused and pleased at their courage. So he gathered them up, and carried them off as a prize in his lion's-skin. This is, however, not probably a true story, though there was doubtless some manner of foundation for it.

The Romans were fond of dwarfs, and had them trained to exhibit themselves as gladiators and warriors — very much

perhaps as Tom Thumb does; and perhaps he took the hint from the Romans. Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, had a little man and a little woman, whom he caused to marry each other. When the wedding took place, there was a great time indeed; for the Emperor caused all the dwarfs that he could find, to be invited to the wedding; and it is stated that the company amounted to a hundred in number. Of course all these people were not so small as our little friend Tom Thumb, but

they were small enough to create quite a wonder in St. Petersburg. They rode through the streets in little carriages, made as small as they could get into, and drawn along by little ponies.

Geoffrey Hudson, the famous English dwarf, was born in 1619 and died in 1682, being sixty-three years old. Geoffrey died in prison, being accused of some political offence—that is, some crime against the government. One would suppose that the little fellow would know better than to meddle with great mis-



chiefs. But Geoffrey was not so wise and well behaved as Tom Thumb. He was presented to Henrietta, the Queen of Charles the 1st, upon her marriage, by the Duke of Buckingham. The first time the Queen saw her strange present, was at her wedding feast. There was a large cold pie upon the table, and very much to the amusement and wonder of the Queen and her company, he suddenly jumped out of the pie. Until he was thirty years old, Geoffrey was only eighteen inches

high, but at thirty he commenced growing again, and became almost four feet high. He was spoiled and quarrelsome, and got very much offended if he supposed that anybody laughed at him. But we cannot perceive how a person that suffered himself to be put in a pie, could expect anything else than to be laughed at. Geoffrey challenged a gentleman in the Court to fight a duel. The gentleman was disposed to treat it as a joke, but Geoffrey insisted upon a duel with pistols; and

at the first fire, the dwarf killed the gentleman. This was a sad thing to grow out of so small a matter, and we are very sure that Geoffrey could never have ceased to be sorry for it. But people were more in the habit of duelling then than now, and the man thought he could not avoid fighting, though it was only a dwarf who challenged him. Geoffrey Hudson was taken prisoner twice, once by the Turks; but that people set a high value on dwarfs, and undoubtedly from them he receiv-

ed kind treatment. He met with a variety of strange adventures, and his life was far from being quiet or pleasant.

Another wonderful little man was Nicholas Ferrers, who was born in 1741, and flourished at the Court of Stanislaus Duke of Lorraine, and afterwards King of Poland. He had, when he was born, a head as small as a nut, and his voice was not louder than the cry of a mouse. He was fed a few drops at a time, through a very small tube; and when he was baptized, was



carried to church in one of his mother's shoes. Thomas Thumb, you remember, was as large when he was born, as children usually are; but Nicholas Ferrers was so small at the age of a year, at which time he could walk very well, that his mother did not dare to let him run about the house, for fear he should get lost or be run over. So his father built up a place for him with boards, on which he could run about and be out of harm's way.

When he grew so much larger

as to be suffered to go out, he had two strange guards. One was a goose, who followed him very carefully, watching every step, with a knowing look ; and the other was an old sheep. The goose often carried him upon her back, and sometimes he rode upon the sheep, while the goose walked along at his side. One of his great delights was to feed the poultry ; and it was very amusing indeed to see him do battle with birds bigger than he, and drive them away when he thought they were get-

ting more than their proper share of the food.

People who heard of him, came far and near to see so wonderful a personage. The Duke of Lorraine sent a messenger desiring his father to bring that famous little son to Court. Accordingly one day the father started, with the child on his arm, in a rush basket covered with leaves. The Duke not seeing anything of the dwarf, when his father presented himself, was half disposed to be angry, and was quite disappoint-

ed. But he was highly astonished and pleased when little Nicholas brushed away the leaves and jumped out on the floor. He persuaded the father to leave the child, and after much entreaty he consented. But little Nicholas would much have preferred to go home with his goose and his sheep. He soon fell sick, and notwithstanding his new and pretty toys and sweetmeats, much desired to have his runs in the fields again, and his ducks for play-things. He would not talk, or could not, and call-



ed continually "mamma! mamma!" So his mamma was sent for, as he was too weak to be carried to her, and under her nursing and care he soon recovered again.

Nicholas was a very backward scholar. He learned the vowels, but never could learn to pronounce and distinguish the consonants, and called every one **B**. So he came to be called **Bee-bee**, instead of his own proper name of Nicholas. He was very slow in learning to talk, and had a habit, like ma-

ny other children, of making the same sound for every thing that he wanted; and that sound was **B**. His teachers gave up in despair, as trying to induce him to learn, only worried the poor dwarf, without causing him to make any progress. Very few dwarfs have been like our little friend **Thomas Thumb**, capable of learning.

**Bee-bee** once received a visit from another dwarf, whose name was **Boruolaski**. But as **Charles S. Stratton** has a dwarf name, and **Nicholas Ferrers**, so had

Count Boruolaski. He was called Jou-jou, which means in English “play-thing.” Jou-jou was only thirty-nine inches high. He was the *protége* or as children call it, the pet of a countess who travelled with him all over Europe, and took him to Turkey, where he had the rare honour of being admitted to see the ladies of the Sultan’s household. In Paris, a gentleman paid him the compliment to invite him to dinner, at which all the plates, knives, forks, and dining utensils, were adapted to

his manikin size. His patroness thought it would give him great pleasure to see the famous Bee-bee, and so carried him to the Court of Stanislaus.

You may be sure there was a great time, when these two important little gentlemen met. Bee-bee had a company of children to attend him for companions, the smallest of their age, and of the best behaviour. He was very grateful for these kind attentions, and used to call Stanislaus his good friend. Bee-bee never was anything but a



child in his intellect, and could not count above five; so there was made for him a little watch, marked only with five hours. We do not know how he managed with the other seven hours in each half-day, and think that perhaps he might as well have had no watch at all. There were a great many other pretty little things in his possession. He had a small castle, just fitted to his size, and set upon wheels, in order that it might be drawn about. He had a miniature garden, with flowers, trees, and

fountains. He had a greyhound not much bigger than a squirrel, and a pair of turtle-doves, no larger than sparrows. Money will do a great deal, in the way of purchasing the means of amusement; but no money will give the capacity to enjoy. Poor little Bee-bee was in great danger of being stolen, and that made it necessary that he should be constantly watched. This was very disagreeable to the little fellow, and he would much have preferred to be left to his goose and his sheep. One of his

little playmates died; and his friends were afraid to tell Bee-bee what had become of him. So he took the notion into his head, that his dead friend was gone to bring his goose and sheep to him, and he regularly laid aside a portion of his presents, and his playthings, for the lad when he should come back with the goose and the sheep.

Bee-bee was very generous, and shared what he had with his playmates, and children who came to visit him. He delighted to throw money to poor chil-

dren, who came under the balcony to catch it, and would often roll a larger sum in a paper for the child who seemed to be the poorest. All the gold-pieces he received, he sent to his brother Lewis, who thus became one of the richest farmers in the country.

Thus passed his short life. When he died, young as he was, he was wrinkled and very old in appearance. His time was spent in trifles adapted to his little mind, for he had a little mind as well as a little body



Though he was thus flattered and cajoled all his little life, he was much less blessed than any one of our young readers, about whom there is nothing remarkable, and in whose even life no strange adventure breaks the pleasant path of duty and of usefulness. It is not always desirable to be remarkable — as many have learned, and that life is usually the most agreeable, and often the most useful, which is passed in obscurity. Those persons who are distinguished by any very striking

peculiarities, may indeed be objects of curiosity and astonishment: they may be petted, caressed, and rewarded: but they must ever feel that their variation from the common standard of their fellow creatures separates them, in a great measure, from the rest of the world.

Such are some of the facts in the history of a few of the little men who have figured in the world. They are very curious; and lead us to wonder why Providence permits such departures from the ordinary

course of things. It must be for a wise purpose, though it is beyond our knowledge.—It will be something gained, if the reading of this little book teaches our young friends to imitate the good qualities of the manikins. All children are little men and women, and their elders are often amused with their pranks—because it seems so strange to see little children forward and manlike. But when anything is pushed too far, it becomes disagreeable; and children who desire to be loved by those

around them should avoid being troublesome or intrusive. They must endeavour always to consult the happiness and the comfort of those who spend so much care upon them.

Children, like dwarfs, can be of very little use in the world, so far as its active business is concerned, but they can be the means of a great deal of comfort to their parents and teachers. What they learn, and what they do in childhood, will fix their characters when they grow up. The poor little dwarf has



no such future to look forward to as other children have; for his life must be, like little Bee-bee's, more or less discontented. Bee-bee died in his mother's arms, and never lost his feeling of helplessness. Other children have an opportunity, if they live as long as he, to repay some of the care and pains which are taken in their infancy. Tom Thumb we are sure will try—small as he is. Won't you determine to try, too?

THE END.









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